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ADDRESSES OF COMMANDERS  
AT  
ANNUAL BANQUETS  
OF THE  
COMMANDERY OF THE STATE OF MICHIGAN,  
MILITARY ORDER OF THE  
**LOYAL LEGION**  
OF THE  
UNITED STATES,  
AT  
DETROIT, MICH.

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# INTRODUCTORY.

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At the Annual Banquet of the Michigan Commandery  
of the Loyal Legion, at the Russell House,  
Detroit, May 5, 1886.

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By COMPANION ORLANDO M. POE,  
Brevet Brigadier General, U. S. Army, Commander.

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“ When the oldest cask is opened,  
And the largest lamp is lit ;  
When the Chestnuts glow in the embers,  
And the Kid turns on the spit ;  
When young and old in circle  
Around the firebrands close ;  
When the girls are weaving baskets  
And the lads are shaping bows.”

“ When the goodman mends his armor,  
And trims his helmet's plume ;  
When the goodwife's shuttle merrily  
Goes flashing through the loom ;  
With weeping and with laughter  
Still is the story told,  
How well Horatius kept the bridge  
In the brave days of old.”

The traditions of martial glory “ in the brave days of old,”  
were kept alive in the home circle, amidst the ordinary  
avocations, and their recital stimulated emulation amongst

the younger folk. Somehow it has become customary to extend the circle, and to celebrate the memory of deeds of valor by eating, drinking and speech making.

In former times war was the only honorable profession outside of mother church. We live in a time when the honorable pursuits are not so limited, but none the less we revere the church and grow enthusiastic over the stories of feats of arms. Although we no longer mend our armor, and the trimming of helmet plumes is relegated to younger men, it is proper that we, a small portion of the survivors of the greatest conflict the world has ever seen, whilst not especially straining our relations with the church, should occasionally meet together to renew the memories of the camp and battle, and if we prove to be somewhat noisy in our demonstrations, it is only because our blood is warmed to youthful heat by the recollections which crowd upon us.

In the responses which are to follow, it is not improbable that we may recognize some "Chestnuts." If so, you will doubtless good-humoredly assist in drawing them from the embers, and seem to relish them as greatly as if they were not a little "wormy." As we listen to the unprepared bursts of eloquence now snugly reposing in the coat pockets of those who are to reply to the toasts, you will see that you are not alone to be banqueted upon hard-tack and — its accompaniment. It is proposed to give you something more palatable and more headachy. The "feast of reason and the flow of soul" will lie around loose, and will contribute to the head trouble. The viands will be guiltless. Notwithstanding the heaviness of the speeches to which you will be compelled to listen, now that we have you securely here, I beg you will give your undivided attention to the speakers, and award them that measure of applause which they crave. Even if you do not subscribe to every sentiment, sprinkle in the tremendous applause after the manner of the public printer

in the speeches of the Members of Congress as they appear in that hilarious publication, the Congressional Record. It will do you no harm, and will encourage the orators. Remember how badly they feel, and the great embarrassment under which they labor.

We have no kids turning on the spit, but some of us have "kids" at home, whose juvenile ears we kindly fill with tales of what we did "in the war." What an appreciative audience the little folks make, and how unquestioningly they place us in the front rank of heroes. The strategy of Hannibal, the stern fighting of Frederick, the cunning of Marlborough were as nothing compared with the way their fathers fought and overcame the rebels. They learn what a glorious privilege it will be to inherit, through us, first-class membership in the Loyal Legion and to partake of future banquets. Long may it be before they come into their heritage. Meanwhile they will have to be satisfied with membership of the second class, and practice the virtue of longing and waiting.

The customs have greatly changed since the days of Horatius. It is the lads who now weave baskets, shingles etc., in their moments of leisure from weary cigarettes and beer, whilst the girls devote their attention to the catching and shaping of beaus, trusting to the milliners for their bows and other furbelows. Our goodwires, too, no longer waste their energies at the loom, yet Companions Smith and Curtiss can tell you how "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." This shows how wonderfully our civilization has advanced beyond that of the Romans.

It may be asked what are we here for, anyhow. In the earlier days of my membership in the Loyal Legion, an anxious inquirer desired to know what was the object of our Order. I told him it was to meet occasionally and "swop lies." I am better informed now, and am satisfied that a

searcher for the lies must go to the Official Record of the War of the Rebellion. In this assemblage will be heard nothing but the truth. If any body doubts it we will all swear.

After the speeches shall have been delivered, let us indulge in reminiscences of the days when the ear piercing fife, the rattling drum, and sometimes the blaring trumpet ("Chestnuts,") awoke us from our slumbers, and set us to wondering what fiend invented reveille. If there be a deeper depth of damnation, it is reserved for that devil who invented this torture. In case of another war the opposing armies should strike against the reveille, and by arbitration arrange for its abolition, probably by declaring a truce between the hours of sunset and 10 a. m. next day, (standard time), during which no movement should be made, and no military duty be performed. It would notably ameliorate the horrors of war. This suggestion is not patented, and as there is no "job" in it, the digression will perhaps be pardoned.

There are many interesting memories stored away in the pigeon-holes of your minds. Pull out the drawers and overhaul the records, set your tongues to wagging, but don't all talk at once. Give the other fellow a chance to tell how he saved the day at Gettysburg, or how he and Grant captured Lee, or how contemptible it was in Sherman to steal from him his plan for the "March to the Sea." It would be cruel to deprive him of the pleasure, and it would be selfish in you to monopolize the conversation.

The story of the war will never grow stale,

"When the oldest cask is opened,  
And the largest lamp is lit;

\* \* \* \*

With weeping and with laughter,  
Still is the story told."

And as our hearts warm up with the good cheer before us, and the glistening eye but reflects the gleam of its neighbor, there is little danger that our thoughts will become prosaic, or that the current of our feelings will run in too stagnant a stream. Let us drink deeply of the draught of pleasure in each other's company,—again feel the magnetic touch of our comrade's elbow.

But let our laughter and merriment be mingled with sadness as we remember those who went with us to battle, never to return.

“ They lie at rest, our blessed dead ;  
The dew drops cool above their head.”

Our hearts are wrung with sorrow at the memory of their fate, but swell too, with pride at the recollection of their patriotism and knightly gallantry. Our tears bedew their graves, whilst history records their exploits for the admiration of posterity.

In all this we are doing right, and continuing it from year to year as we move on to our end, we may feel well assured that we are laying, broad and deep, the foundations of patriotism amongst our descendants, and that our beloved country will find them as ready to do and die for her in her time of need as we were in the “ brave days of old ”

God save the United States !

## INTRODUCTORY.

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At the Annual Banquet of the Michigan Commandery  
of the Loyal Legion, at the Russell House,  
Detroit, June 1, 1887.

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By COMPANION ORLANDO M. POE,  
Brevet Brigadier General, U. S. Army, Commander.

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At our banquet last year a visiting companion related an anecdote which probably illustrates the popular notion of these gatherings of old soldiers. He stated that upon an occasion which called a large number of them together, a street arab remarked to his companion, that "them is the fellers what fit, and fit, and fit," whereupon the other replied, "Yes, and they haint got done a-blowin' about it yit."

However much we may be inclined to blowin', in the aggregate, individually we are opposed to anything of the kind.

The story of the whole life of any one man is seldom interesting, nor do we meet for any purpose of listening to such. So far as the members of the Loyal Legion are concerned, our life's history is concentrated in the four years covering the duration of the War of the Rebellion. That period, in point of time comprises but a comparatively small fraction of our lives, but in events it tells nearly all there is of interest attaching to a great majority of us.

It is proper that we congregate from time to time to interchange our experiences in camp and field, in trench and assault, and, by a little effort, preserve for future reference the personal observations of our members. In a few years the last of us will have disappeared from earth forever, and such stories as Trowbridge, Duffield, Withlington, Swift and Pittman have told us during the past year will have a value to our descendent successors that no laboriously compiled history by a non-participant can ever equal. These reminiscences will stimulate those inheriting membership in our order to greater interest in the affairs of the Union saved by the very life-blood of their fathers, and arouse, in the highest degree, that patriotism which ennobles a people. Does any member of the Loyal Legion, who is such by virtue of his personal service, flatter himself with the belief that his response to the call of his country in 1861, was more prompt or patriotic than will be that of his successor by inheritance? If so, he can readily have his answer in the faces and bearing of the splendid young men whom he daily meets on our thoroughfares, and be disabused of any such conceit.

Let us tell and tell again the story of Fort Sumpter, of Donelson, of the Peninsula, of Antietam, of Gettysburg, of Vicksburgh, of Chattanooga, of Knoxville, of Atlanta, of the Wilderness and Petersburg, of the March to the Sea, the Campaign of the Carolinas, of Nashville, and of Appomatox, as well as of hundreds of other fields and campaigns where men died by the thousand in evidence that we have a Nation worth this supreme sacrifice. If our "oft told tale" results in greater love of country, in profounder respect for her constitution and laws—in forming a nucleus around which may rally, in time of National trial, all the patriotic elements of our people,—then indeed will our efforts have served their purpose.

Much has been written, said and published about the Rebellion. Generals are quarreling about this battle, and statesmen wrangling about the disposition made of that question, but all seem to forget that each, in his own sphere, only did his share of the work allotted him. Seldom does success or failure in the great events of nations depend upon one man, and our Civil War was no exception to the rule. Generals there were who were mighty men of war,—but there were others who were weaklings of their kind. Privates there were who were only fit for the “coffee-cooling” station they so persistently filled,—but there were others who would have graced the double stars of the Major General. *We* know it was neither the weaklings nor the “coffee-coolers” who bore our glorious flag to its pinnacle of fame. Notwithstanding the graceful diction of the professional writer, illustrated by the highest skill of the engraver, there is more of downright truth, and therefore of historical value, preserved in the papers of the Loyal Legion than in a cart load of volumes made to glorify the writer or some pet subject of his. The story of the soldier, told in the presence of soldiers, is, and must be related in simple words, free from self-laudation, untruthfulness, and all other unrighteousness. No vague forms of expression nor confusion of words can conceal from such hearers misconduct or blunders. He tells a plain unvarnished tale. We are gratified by its clearness without being dazzled by any reflected light, and when it is completed we know what he has been talking about and believe what we have heard.

Trowbridge has given a better and clearer account of the operations of the cavalry on the right, at Gettysburg, than has any other man thus far. It is most satisfactory because we know he was *there*, and we know the *man*.

S. E. Pittman has given the clearest account of the operations of Gen. A. S. Williams' command at Chancellorsville.

It is invaluable because we know he was *there*, and we know the *man*.

H. M. Duffield has described a portion of the operations at Chicamauga. We have no difficulty in comprehending the story and mentally following all the movements with perfect confidence, for we know that he was *there*, and we know the *man*.

And those of us who were present will remember the pathos of that story of prison life and return to the cover of the flag as told by Swift. The breathless silence, the moistened eye, the twitching face lines of his comrades truly showed how deeply they were in sympathy with him, and our love and reverence for the glorious stars and stripes were heightened as he recounted the emotions of himself and his fellow sufferers as they passed under its folds.

The chapter which Withington has added to the history of the earliest movements in Michigan, and the organization and dispatch of her first troops to the seat of war is of inestimable value, and all Michigan men should be grateful to him for his labor.

Companions, I have but little respect for the patriotism of any man whose blood does not bound with higher impulse; whose nerves do not tingle with thrills of pride; who does not glow with greater ardor at the recital of the glorious deeds of his country's defenders. I cannot believe that any considerable portion of our people would willingly have them forgotten. It is sometimes said that we should forgive and forget. The Loyal Legion will carry forgiveness to the very extreme, for that is incumbent upon the Christian gentleman, and distinguishes him from the unrelenting savage, but they will never forget. They are not made of the milk and water stuff that forms the pabulum of babes. Neither do we expect our opponents to forget their heroic deeds, nor to cease to tell of them. We only ask that in doing so they

will give us the same meed of praise that we give them, and that they will be as fair in their relation of events as we are. They were magnificent in war; their prowess was worthy of our antagonism, our chief glory consists in having beaten them, and we do not intend to forget it.

To the guests who have honored us by their presence, I beg to say that we meet in no vain-glorious spirit. Our object is to keep alive that feeling of comradeship which had its origin amid the stirring scenes of actual war, and to cultivate among the younger generations, upon whom the burden of future wars must fall, that sentiment of true loyalty to our country and its institutions which will carry it forward to "a fame that no tongue can be telling," and to the proudest place in the history of nations.

It may not be amiss, in the presence of this distinguished company to publish the principles and objects of the Order as set forth in the language of our Constitution.

The fundamental principles are :

*First.* "A firm belief and trust in Almighty God; extolling Him under whose beneficent guidance the sovereignty and integrity of the Union have been maintained, the honor of the flag vindicated, and the blessing of civil liberty secured, established and enlarged."

*Second.* "True allegiance to the United States of America, based upon paramount respect for and fidelity to the National Constitution and Laws, and manifested by discountenancing whatever may tend to weaken loyalty, to incite to insurrection, treason or rebellion, or to impair in any manner the efficiency and permanency of our free institutions."

The objects of the Order are "to cherish the memories and associations of the war waged in defense of the unity and indivisibility of the Republic; to strengthen the ties of fraternal fellowship and sympathy formed by companionship-in-arms; to advance the best interests of the soldiers and

sailors of the United States, especially of those associated as members of this Order, and to extend all possible relief to their widows and children; to foster the cultivation of military and naval science; to enforce unqualified allegiance to the general government; to protect the rights and liberties of American citizenship, and to maintain National honor, union and independence."

Gentlemen, upon such a platform of principles and objects we are prepared to expect the countenance and respect of every lover of his country, and claim for our Order the same degree of regard so freely bestowed upon our revered progenitor, the Order of the Cincinnati.

For the further information of our guests I venture to give a short account of the organization and present condition of the Michigan Commandery.

In mid-winter of 1885, at the suggestion of Col. H. M. Duffield, a meeting was called of the members of the Loyal Legion then residing in Detroit, with a view to the organization of a Commandery for the State of Michigan. At that meeting only five persons could be gathered, and after inquiry it was ascertained that only seven members were resident in the State. As thirteen was the minimum number that could be granted a charter, it was necessary to secure the requisite additional membership before anything further could be done. But little effort was needed, and when application was duly made for a charter, General Hancock, then Acting Commander-in-chief, promptly gave it his approval. At a stated meeting of the Acting Commandery-in-chief (the Commandery-in-chief was not organized until later), held in the City of Philadelphia, February 4, 1885, the charter was issued to

BREVET BRIGADIER GENERAL, ORLANDO M. POE,  
Of the Commandery of the District of Columbia.

BREVET BRIGADIER GENERAL, HENRY B. CLITZ,  
Of the Commandery of the State of New York.

FIRST LIEUTENANT HENRY M. DUFFIELD,  
 BREVET MAJOR GENERAL, LUTHER S. TROWBRIDGE,  
 BREVET BRIGADIER GENERAL, JOHN GIBSON PARKHURST,  
 BREVET MAJOR GENERAL, RUSSELL A. ALGER,  
     Of the Commandery of the State of Massachusetts.  
 SURGEON, SIDNEY L. FULLER,  
 LIEUTENANT, FORDYCE H. ROGERS.  
 BREVET BRIGADIER GENERAL, JOHN PULFORD,  
 BREVET MAJOR LEVI T. GRIFFIN,  
 BREVET MAJOR JAMES BIDDLE,  
     Of the Commandery of the State of Wisconsin.  
 BREVET LIEUTENANT COLONEL, ROBERT BURNS,  
 LIEUTENANT, DEMING JARVES,  
     Of the Commandery of the State of Illinois.

Just the requisite thirteen members.

The permanent organization was effected in Detroit, April 13, 1885, and has remained with little change as to its officers until the present time.

Meanwhile our membership has grown to 139, and we have thus far had a career of remarkable prosperity.

Having been the commander first elected, and having been twice re-elected, by a unanimous vote on each occasion, I am very proud of the success which has attended our undertaking, and reckon amongst the first honors of my life the confidence which my fellow-soldiers have reposed in me.

With the close of this meeting I transfer the command of the Michigan Commandery to that knightly Michigan soldier and chivalric gentleman, General Russell A. Alger, "on whose bright plume of fame not a spot of the dark is." His unanimous election this evening betokens a continuance of the wonderful harmony that has prevailed amongst us from the first. With him to lead us we are sure to increase in numbers, and, as an Order, in the estimation of our fellow citizens.

I say then, with an overflowing heart, long life and prosperity to the Michigan Commandery of the Loyal Legion, and beg the company to rise and join me in three hearty cheers for the commander elect.

## INTRODUCTORY.

At the Annual Banquet of the Michigan Commandery  
of the Loyal Legion, at Hotel Cadillac, Detroit,  
Mich., May 1, 1889.

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By COMPANION BYRON R. PIERCE,  
Brevet Major General, U. S. V., Senior Vice-Commander.

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### *Companions and Friends:*

If I had words or wit I could not be eloquent at this time; if I can only hold the front line steady and firm and render possible a right royal good time at this banquet I shall be satisfied.

My position this evening is made by the unaccountable absence for several months of our commander, which yet remains clouded in mystery, a brave soldier, whose service was of that earnest, enthusiastic character which entitles him to our grateful and lasting remembrance.

Occasions like this speak to us of memories measured by years, recalling old associations, renewing that patriotic feeling that bound us together, always remembering the brave who stood by our side, in which are emotions that will never die. Woe to us and to those who come after us when those battle fields are forgotten, or when we feel called upon to apologize for maintaining with stout heart and a victorious

hand, the promise, the integrity, the permanence of the American Republic.

The members of a society like this, based on the friendship and associations of army life, to whom the four years spent in fighting for union and freedom, whose dangers were bravely met, and victories nobly won, is the most interesting period of our lives. The links that bind us were welded when we stood as comrades on hallowed ground, fighting for the eternal right; hallowed by the red laurel of war, but now mantled with the tender grass and sweetest flowers.

But who among us would not endure the same hardships of war for such a result?

As I look around and see the heroes here, I know there is not one man who would not freely give his life to engage again in the great work that was accomplished.

Our cause was right, and may we ever continue to look treason steady in the eye and call it crime.

With the advancing years we realize every season gathers many of our members, and amid the joyous festivities of this evening we would pause to pay a tribute to the memory of those of our Order who have crossed the river during the year. Those of us that remain find our locks whitening and our joints stiffening. We shall soon pitch our tents beyond the valley, amid the shadows of the dim unknown, but over all and forever may that starry banner, whose folds are emblazoned with the proudest victories ever won, continually wave as the ensign of a re-united Republic.

## INTRODUCTORY.

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At the Annual Banquet of the Michigan Commandery  
of the Loyal Legion, at the Russell House,  
Detroit, Mich., May 1st, 1890.

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BY COMPANION FREDERIC W. SWIFT,  
Brevet Brigadier General, U. S. V., Commander.

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### *Companions :*

One more year has rolled away. We have made one more march toward the "eternal camping ground" and to-night we sit again around the festive board, and gaze into each other's eyes, and grasp each other by the hand and note the changes time has made since the days of old, and pledge each other that loyalty and companionship which none but those who have stood shoulder to shoulder in fierce combat can ever know.

Time has dealt kindly with us during the year past, and yet we have not fully escaped its ravages.

Five of our companions have been dropped from our roll of honor, and have gone into bivouac with the great majority.

The kind-hearted, fatherly Clitz, the genial Remick, the gallant and soldierly Tyler, the ever popular Bell and Vernor the courteous and warm-hearted will join us no more in our

camp fires. We miss their kind greetings and their cheery voices, and we look into each others faces and ask ourselves, Who next?

Twenty-one companions have been added to our membership, and three have been dropped from the rolls for non-payment of dues, leaving a net gain for the year of thirteen companions.

I cannot help expressing regret at this slight growth of the Michigan Commandery, and my conviction that if every companion would but exert himself to promote the interests of the order as its objects deserve, the coming year would give us a membership of nearly double our present number.

These objects are, as expressed in the constitution, "to cherish the memories and associations of the war waged in defence of the unity and indivisibility of the Republic. Strengthen the ties of fraternal fellowship formed by companionship in arms." \* \* "Enforce unqualified allegiance to the general government, protect the rights and liberties of American citizenship, and maintain national honor, union and independence."

I hold, then, that it is a sacred duty of every companion of this order to use his best endeavors to interest all who are eligible to membership on all proper occasions and by all proper means to induce them to identify themselves with us and to assist us in carrying out its glorious and patriotic work.

We should not forget that the Loyal Legion is the offspring, as it were, of the Society of the Cincinnati, formed at the close of the American Revolution and whose founders were Washington, Hamilton, Steuben, Knox, Green and Putnam, with many others of like fame and renown.

Will you bear with me a few moments and go back to the cantonment of that little army at Newburg, on the Hudson? It is the spring of 1783. A general treaty of peace had been signed at Paris on the 20th of January.

On the 23d of March a French war vessel arrived at Philadelphia bringing the joyous news, and while, as Irving says, "sadness and despair prevailed among the Tories and refugees in New York, the officers in the patriotic camp were not without gloomy feelings at the thought of their approaching separation from each other.

Eight years of dangers and hardships, shared in common and nobly sustained, had wedded their hearts together, and made it hard to rend them asunder.

Prompted by such feelings, Gen. Knox, ever noted for generous impulses, suggested, as a mode of perpetuating the friendship thus formed, and keeping alive the brotherhood of the camp, the formation of a society composed of the officers of the army. The suggestion met with universal concurrence and with the hearty approbation of Washington. Meetings were held, at which the Baron Steuben, as senior officer presided. A plan was drafted by a committee composed of Generals Knox, Hand and Huntington and Capt. Shaw, and the society was organized at a meeting held on the 13th of May, at the Baron's quarters in the old Verplanck House, near Fishkill. By its formula the officers of the American army in the most solemn manner combined themselves into one society of friends, to endure as long as they should endure, or any of their male posterity, and in failure thereof, the collateral branches who might be judged worthy of becoming its supporters and members.

In memory of the illustrious Roman, Lucius Quintus Cincinnatus, who retired from war to the peaceful duties of the citizen, it was to be called "The Society of the Cincinnati."

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Individuals of the respective States distinguished for patriotism and talents might be admitted as honorary members for life, their numbers never to exceed a ratio of

one to four. The French ministers who had officiated at Philadelphia, and the French admirals, generals and colonels who had served in the United States, were to be presented with the insignia of the Order and invited to become members, and Washington was chosen unanimously to officiate as its president until the first general meeting to be held in May, 1784."

As the time approached when the first annual meeting was to be held, Washington saw with deep concern that a popular jealousy had been awakened concerning it, Judge Burke of South Carolina had denounced it in a pamphlet as "an attempt to elevate the military above the civil class-s, and to institute an order of nobility."

Irving says : "The Legislature of Massachusetts sounded an alarm that was re-echoed in Connecticut and prolonged from State to State. The whole Union was put on its guard against this effort to form a hereditary aristocracy out of the military chiefs and powerful families of the several States."

\* \* \* \* \*

"The society met at the appointed time and place, Washington presided, and by his sagacious counsels effected modifications in its constitution. The hereditary principle, and the power of electing honorary members were abolished, and it was reduced to the harmless but highly respectable footing on which it still exists.

In notifying the French officers included in the society, of the changes which had taken place in its constitution, he expressed his ardent hopes that it would render permanent those friendships and connections which had happily taken root between the officers of the two nations. All clamors against the order now ceased. It became the rallying place for old comrades in arms, and Washington continued to preside over it until his death."

I am inclined to the opinion that Irving is in error as to the abolishing of the hereditary feature and honorary membership at the first meeting. It is likely that Washington did recommend it, but Companion Mitchell in his able paper on the subject before the California Commandery in War Paper No. 2, says:

“In the minds of the meeting at Philadelphia in May, 1784, already referred to, this matter was fully discussed, and it is recorded that General Washington in confidence introduced a report of a committee of Congress, that ‘no person holding a hereditary title or order of nobility should be eligible to citizenship in the new State they were about to establish,’ and declared that he knew that this was leveled ‘at our institution,’ and that our friends had prevented its passing into resolution till the result of this meeting should be known, but that if we did not make it conformable to their sense of Republican principles we might expect every discouragement and *even persecution* from them and the States severally.

“An attempt was made to propitiate the public sentiment and the society recommended to the State societies certain modifications of the institution, but as the assent of all the States was necessary to the change and that assent never being given, the society retains to-day the hereditary feature. The opposition seems soon to have died out, and as an indication of the estimation in which the society was held, when the time for its next general meeting came around it appears that the convention which adopted the Constitution of the United States was convened to meet in Philadelphia in May, 1787, with direct reference to the fact that the Cincinnati would meet there on the first Monday of the same month, and in order to give Washington an opportunity of presiding over both sittings.”

Curiously enough the order excited opposition in France as well as at home. Lafayette was proud to wear its

decoration, but the extreme and radical Mirabeau, the great agitator and Jacobin of the French Revolution, said, "In less than a century this institution, which draws a line of separation between the descendants of the Cincinnati and their fellow citizens will have caused so great an inequality that the country which now contains none but citizens perfectly equal in the eye of the Constitution and the law will consist altogether of two classes of men—politicians and plebians. This order, which America beholds with indifference, will, when consolidated by time, convert the children of our military chiefs into a distinct, a privileged and a commanding race. Lying poets and fawning orators will prostitute their eloquence to confer the honors of an apotheosis on the parricides who will have enslaved their country. The rest of the citizens will be nothing but an obscure, spiritless, degraded and degenerate rabble, unworthy of regard and devoted to oppression."

Senator Manderson in his report to the Senate, June 12, 1888, says of the above: "In the presence of the historic events that followed the birth of the order and the patriotic results that have come from all the great military associations that were called into being by the three great wars of the Republic, we can well afford to laugh at the fears expressed by the opponents of the Cincinnati and those of later days who have condemned the existence of kindred societies. The nation has nothing to fear from their teachings, and their aims are so noble and patriotic that good only can result from their maintainance."

Companions, you all know of the origin of our noble order. How, after four years direful war the dark cloud had been lifted at Appomattox only to come down on the nation still darker, more appalling than ever, in the assassination of our beloved Lincoln. Three gentlemen who had served in the Union armies during the war, Lieutenant-Colonel

Mitchell, Lieutenant-Colonel Zell and Captain Keyser met on that sad and sorrowful morning of April 15, 1865, and determined to call a meeting of all the officers and ex-officers then in Philadelphia and express their horror of the act of assassination, and do whatever the necessities of that critical time might require. The meeting was called and was largely attended and steps were taken for the formation of the society, out of which grew the order known as the "Loyal Legion."

Let us then strive to emulate the glorious example set us by our fathers. Let us seek to preserve what they fought to create, and what we fought to save. Year after year rolls by and we are a little grayer grown. We incline more and more to the ease of the arm chair and the comfort of the fire side. We find ourselves dreaming of the days gone by as we sit and smoke our fragrant cigar or pipe, and see faces of our companions perhaps in the curling smoke, and a tear will fall now and then as we think of those who have gone before. Yet we have duties to perform although we are getting old, and we find our sons looking us "square in the eye," and their shoulders as broad as ours, and we feel that the mantle must soon fall upon them. Yet we can serve as the "Videttes of the Republic." We must still remain on the picket line and sound the alarm if need be. Has our beloved country no danger menacing her? Are our free schools unassailed? Is the right of voting as one choses safe and unmenaced? Are there no demagogues? Have we taught our sons to love the dear old flag which means so much to us? Have we taught them that it is better to die for liberty than to live as slaves? Have we taught them to guard with jealous care that for which we fought to save? And our companions died to save? I am full of hope for the future for I believe in the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States. I believe in the glorious Republic for which

we gave the best of our days and the best of our endeavors. I believe in the permanency of its glorious principles and institutions. I believe in the loyalty of our sons who are soon to fill our places. I accord all the honor that time and history can give to those who fought under the starry flag that the Republic might endure.

I drop a tear to the sacred memory of those who stood shoulder to shoulder with us and went down to death, sealing with their hearts' best blood their devotion to a country in peril. I seem to see them now on the bloody slopes of Antietam, on the storm rent heights of Fredericksburg, of Lookout Mountain, of Kenesaw, of Spottsylvania, in the trenches of Vicksburg, of Atlanta, Petersburg, aye from an hundred other fierce fields of honor, as they enter the fearful strife turning for one long last fond look at their beloved Northland and their loved ones with a far away gleam in their eyes. I seem to hear them say, with a salute, as did the gladiators of old, "We who are about to die salute you."

Then gather closer around our camp fire, companions. Let the glance of your eye be that of kindly greeting and of loyal comradeship. Let this festal night be one of a life time. Raise high the social glass and "let joy be unconfined," for the days that are left us are few. And may they be joyous. Let each heart say to its fellow :

" Were't the last drop in the well,  
 As I gasped upon the brink,  
 Ere my fainting spirit fell,  
 'Tis to thee that I would drink.  
 With that water, as this wine,  
 The libation I would pour  
 Should be—peace to thee and mine  
 And a health to thee, Tom Moore."

# INTRODUCTORY.

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At Annual Banquet of the Michigan Commandery of  
the Loyal Legion, at the Russell House,  
Detroit, May 7, 1891.

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By I. C. SMITH, COMMANDER,  
Brevet Brigadier General.

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## *Companions of the Loyal Legion:*

We assemble here to-night to enjoy one of life's blessings, a sumptuous spread. To cement friendships formed by those who risked their lives in a common cause. To listen to those who are gifted in speech, and hear extolled the genius of our great captains, who led us on to victory. Also, to recount the gallant deeds of those who fell, that their memory may be an inspiration for generations to come.

## INTRODUCTORY.

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At Banquet of the Michigan Commandery of the  
Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United  
States, at Detroit, May 5, 1892.

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BY COLONEL SAMUEL E. PITTMAN, COMMANDER.

Thomas Carlyle says, "Whoever can speak \* \* becomes a power. \* \* It matters not what rank he has, what revenues or garnitures, the requisite thing is that he have a tongue that others will listen to." And again he says, "A person making what we call 'set speeches' is not he an offense?" Here is a dilemma. We must speak, but we must not prepare speeches; however, he who now stands before this assemblage will not upon this occasion be an offender.

Memory will carry some of us back to school days when it was the fashion to declaim weekly. We recited Mrs. Heman's then thrilling lines, "The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck;" Byron's "There was a Sound of Revelry by Night," and later from Webster, Hayne, Chatham, Burke—looking forward to the time when we would electrify the world with our eloquence. Your present speaker has been looking forward ever since and at last the supreme moment seems to have arrived. Courtesy and duty, however, both

demand that opportunity shall be afforded the distinguished gentlemen whose names appear on the programme before you and they shall not be forstalled. Postponement, then, of electrifying from this quarter must be had.

It may have been the practice of some of the retiring Commanders to deliver something in the nature of an annual message upon these occasions, and it were well, perhaps, to review the past and forecast the future briefly. Within the past eighteen months the Commandery has taken leave of the Merrill Block with its dust and rodents and is now happily domiciled under the roof of the Detroit Light Infantry, illustrating that two families can live harmoniously in the same house. We shall naturally point to our amiable tempers as the important factor in this instance, yet will admit that much of this commendable harmony is the product of the high soldiery and gentlemanly deportment of the Light Infantry. Expressing my own convictions and, as I believe, of the Commandery, it can be said that not a State military organization north, east, south or west can be named as superior to this fine body of young soldiers.

The opportunity afforded by the Grand Army of the Republic encampment in August last, for the Michigan Commandery to extend its hospitality to such companions of the Loyal Legion as were in attendance, proved to be a rare boon to us. The particulars of the entertainment by our Commandery of such visitors and many others, have already been given in glowing sentences by Companion Swift on behalf of the several committees, and we need but say that the insignia and button of our order received fresh brilliancy from the interchange of fraternal godspeeds between members from every loyal State in the Union.

Papers may not have been as numerous as in some former years but those we have had were so excellent they would go far towards making up for the limited number. Col. Ludlow's was the first. Col. Sterling closed up a long gap

and Companion Sibley's historical sketch of the Society of the Cincinnati brought to light much of that society that many of us had never heard and sympathetically stimulated a larger interest in our own order. The Poe incident was equal to a "paper" evening, and thanks to its literary productions the event has taken an important place in our history for the past year.

Companions—The call to "fall in" to perform our last duties to deceased companions has frequently sounded—too frequently, we are apt to say. You will readily recall their names: Leggett, Dodge, Lemon, Merrill, Burns, Hull, Osburne. All these have passed over the river, and in their memory let us for a moment pause.

With these losses, however, our membership is larger than a year ago, yet recruiting from the participants in the rebellion war alone cannot last long at the best, and attention should be paid to adding membership to class 2. Companions of this class, which may be termed the inheritance class (and others eligible) are making their way into the ranks of representative men and in due time it will rest upon them to keep prosperous the order their fathers loved so well. More of them should be with us now and acknowledge in the language of our Constitution: "First, a firm belief and trust in Almighty God, extolling Him under whose beneficent guidance the sovereignty and integrity of the Union have been maintained, the honor of the flag vindicated, the blessings of civil liberty secured, established and enlarged. Second, true allegiance to the United States of America based upon paramount respect for and fidelity to the National Constitution and laws, manifested by discountenancing whatever may tend to weaken loyalty, incite to insurrection, treason or rebellion, or impair in any manner the efficiency and permanency of our free institutions."

Members not residing in Detroit have in common with all the proud consciousness of membership in this unique order, an organization that received its first inspiration upon the announcement of one of the greatest crimes ever committed ; an organization that adopted in its charter both acknowledgement of dependence upon Divine power and the highest loyalty to state and free institutions ; an organization that we believe will exist as long as a pulse of patriotism shall throb from an American heart. The opportunity for membership becomes a legacy to hand down to successors that no money can buy, no genius can obtain, but simply through the lines of inheritance. This is surely a grand possession, but looking at it from a practical standpoint, to such members the annual meeting and banquet sums up their annual dividends, therefore it has been the practice to concentrate most of our energies and finances upon the banquet. We would recommend that annual meetings be for the entire day, the forenoon for business, thus giving ample time for full discussion of any question ; the afternoon for a more free companionship between members assembling from different parts of the State, and the evening for the usual rollicking around the banquet table. At present candidates for the several offices are frequently voted for by members whom the candidate hardly knows, even by name, and in turn members know only by name the men they vote for. This, however, is not a suitable subject for long presentation upon such an occasion as this, yet worthy of consideration.

A cordial greeting to our guests for the evening can ever go without saying, still should always be and is now extended. Upon many occasions our guests have been our soul stirrers, and to-night doubtless will prove to be no exception.

“We may now enjoy the pleasure of the passing hour, bidding adieu for a time to grave pursuits,” recalling the poet’s words slightly paraphrased :

“ The act of feeding as you understand,  
Is but a fraction of the work in hand.  
Its nobler half is that ethereal meat  
The papers call the intellectual treat.  
Songs, speeches, toasts around the festal board,  
Drowned in the juice the Legion men afford.”

(The Commander then read certain letters of regret, after which the regular order of toasts proceeded.)

# INTRODUCTORY.

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At Annual Banquet, Hotel Cadillac, Detroit,  
May 4, 1893.

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By WILLIAM H. WITHINGTON,  
Brevet Brigadier General U. S. V., Commander.

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The past year cannot be said to have been an eventful one in the history of the Michigan Commandery of the Loyal Legion. In former years there have been some important events, such as the National Encampment in Detroit of the Grand Army of the Republic, re-unions of some of the army societies, or trips away, to give the year especial mark. The year closing drops to its place in column with no such distinction.

It was the cherished purpose of your retiring Commander to invite the Commandery to his home and hearth at Jackson for one of its meetings, but the illness of his wife, prolonged through a period of five months, compelled him reluctantly to forego this pleasure. The interest of the companions, however, has shown no signs of flagging. The attendance upon meetings has been large and remarkably uniform. Since the resumption of the meetings in October, the smallest number present at any meeting has been 30 and the largest 40, and the average for the seven meetings (not including the present) has been a little over 35.

The year began with a total membership of 261. There have been added 24 companions and lost 8, leaving a total membership at the date of the last meeting of 273. Six companions have responded to the last call within the year, and have passed on to join the gallant spirits of the greater army. These are: Major N. B. Hall, of Jackson; Lieutenant Chas. S. Draper, Saginaw; Lieutenant A. A. Thompson, Flint; Colonel James I. David, Grosse Isle; General B. F. Partridge, Bay City, and Captain Chase H. Dickinson, of Kalamazoo. It is notable that of all these companions not one was a resident of Detroit.

The contributions to our records and incidents of the war have been increased within the year by the addition of seven papers. These papers have awakened and reawakened the thronging memories of the illustrious past. Its deeply graven experiences and thrilling scenes have a portraiture in the papers which have been read before the Commandery, of abiding interest to the members of the order and of great historic value. The Commandery is to be congratulated upon their possession, and upon the action taken at the last meeting to place these separate printed papers in a more compact and enduring form. The historic period of this age of our country's existence lies in the war for the Union, and the Loyal Legioner, of the original First Class, who would remind himself that he was once an embattled hero, and marched with those whose names are emblazoned high on the scroll of enduring fame, must naturally turn and return to this page of his life. If it becomes a habit, who shall gainsay it or question a just pride in such recurrency? Certainly none but ourselves. Possibly it might be wise for us to question how far and how wholly the papers at our meetings should be confined to the past, glorious as it was. To the end of adding, while the veterans are still living, valuable facts and incidents from the personal knowledge and experience of the

writers, these summonings of the past should go on. As a period overflowing with examples of heroic deeds, and full of inspiration to noble, self-sacrificing patriotism, it can be drawn on indefinitely by tongue and pen. No danger of going too far under these motives. The only danger in this direction, to the soldier himself, lies, to my mind, in accepting the past as the all, and in resting upon it; in regarding his services in the war as fulfilling all demands upon him for heroism and high achievement. No habit or attitude of mind which tends to satisfy a man with what he has already done in life, to lull ambition and benumb effort is good for his mental or moral health. I do not think the members of the Loyal Legion stand much in need of preaching upon this head, but we have all of us seen soldiers to whom it might possibly be profitably applied. We have seen soldiers who proclaim that their deeds in the army were an all-sufficient discharge of any obligation to further public service or personal effort. We have seen soldiers upon whom the youth of to-day must look and wonder how they could have been heroes, and yet they were. The default is that they did not keep on so being; that they failed to realize that they owed something more to *themselves* though they owed nothing more to their country. We may know of a soldier's bravery and understand his shortcomings, but to impress the citizen of to-day with a just sense of his service in the war the veteran must *be* something as well as have done something. With the citizen the quality of soldiership in 1861-65 is measured by the quality of citizenship in 1870-90.

The Loyal Legion brands its members as high types of soldiers, citizens and patriots. The brand is really valuable only so far as the member lives up to it. He owes it to the order to live up to it, and he owes it to himself not simply to live upon his record but to live up to its standard. There is a vast difference in the two. The one means stagnation, the

other continued activity, continued effort, continued zeal, continued interest in the affairs of to-day, and participation in them so far as health and ability permit. This brings me back to the subject of the papers and to some consideration of the future of the Loyal Legion. There are reasons, I think, why there should be introduced into our meetings more of the "to-day." The plan of the Loyal Legion is that it shall be a continuing body. To this end membership is open to our sons. While, no doubt, they are interested in the war period and in the deeds of their fathers, it may be well for them and for us that our faces should not turn altogether backward; that we should confront the life and and discuss the conditions of to-day. It is within the scope of our organization to do this. There is a broad field of discussion and action open to the Loyal Legion, and legitimately open. What are its objects? Let us look to the constitution for an authoritative statement of them. Article third of the constitution reads: "The objects of this order shall be to cherish the memories and associations of the war waged in the defense of the unity and indivisibility of the republic; to strengthen the ties of fraternal fellowship and sympathy formed from companionship in arms; to advance the best interests of the soldiers and sailors of the United States, especially those associated as members of this order, and to extend all possible relief to their widows and children; to foster the cultivation of military and naval science; to enforce unqualified allegiance to the general government; to protect the rights and liberties of American citizenship, and to maintain honor, union and independence." Here is past, present and future committed to us. We are to "foster the cultivation of military and naval science." There are various ways in which this may be done, but we are not likely to do it at all unless we keep up our own interest in military and naval affairs, and not likely to do it

intelligently unless we keep in some measure informed of the changes and developments in these departments. Arms are changing, organizations are changing, tactics are changing, naval architecture and armaments are changing. In both arms of the service there seems to be continued progress in two opposite extremes, heavier ordnance on the one hand and quicker action and higher speed on the other. We have in this commandery both army and naval officers. There are officers of the regular army stationed here who could entertain and instruct us with papers or talks upon the changes taking place, and the probable results of these changes in coast defenses and field operations, and give ideas upon needed legislation on behalf of both the regular army and the State militia. Gen. Poe and Col. Ludlow have had long experience and great knowledge of lighthouse construction and service. If they would draw upon their experiences and knowledge for the benefit of the Loyal Legion we could become possessed of a great deal of valuable information and entertaining incident pertaining to lighthouse systems and service on the great lakes which envelop our State. Col. Ludlow, perhaps, could give us some interesting chapters from recent experience, if he would let himself be as funny as he could upon this subject.

Another object is to "protect the rights and liberties of American citizenship." Here, indeed, is open a wide range for thought and discussion in which our youngest members may join, and perhaps contribute ideas which our older ones ought to hear, if they do not adopt. Of course, we cannot enter upon political questions in their narrower or party limits. But there are public questions upon which parties do not divide, and upon which the better sentiment of all parties is agreed, in their professions at least, which might be discussed here with profit and interest. Of these questions there are Civil Service Reform, the Problem of

Municipal Government, Annexation of or Commercial Union with Canada, Pension Legislation, the Relations of Labor and Capital. All of these questions may be legitimately discussed under the stated objects of the Order. In short, whatever tends to incite higher patriotism and cleaner and more intelligent citizenship may be brought into our meetings, whether it be the glorious deeds of the past or the animating thoughts and movements of the present.

The assassination of Abraham Lincoln prompted the organization of the Loyal Legion. It was the thought of that well rounded citizen, soldier and statesman, the late commander-in-chief of the Order, that the founders of the Order were the first to raise a monument to Abraham Lincoln : that there is devolved upon the Order the obligation to exalt and perpetuate the ideas which inspired Lincoln's life and hallowed his service to his country. These ideas, as General Hayes stated them, were, "Humanity, anxious solicitude for the welfare of all mankind, hatred of wrong to the humblest human being, our common brotherhood, sympathy with the oppressed and the suffering." If this thought of our late commander-in-chief is true, the Military Order of the Loyal Legion is an organization with a mission as well as with a memory.

Our Commandery at its last meeting took a step which is very important on its practical side, and very significant on its sentimental side. It voted to lease, for its future quarters, the first floor of the building to be erected by Colonel Atkinson on Congress street near Shelby. The new quarters are centrally located, will be easy of access, commodious, convenient, and can be enjoyed undisturbed. That is the practical side. These quarters are to be taken and occupied in conjunction with the Detroit Post No. 384 Grand Army of the Republic. On this side there is a significance which I hail with entire pleasure. The absolute limitation of the

original first-class membership of the Loyal Legion to those who were commissioned officers of the army in the war is a feature in which I have never taken any personal satisfaction. It involves exclusions in which, I fancy, many of us have felt uncomfortable and unhappy. All of us know soldiers of the late war whose patriotism in enlisting, whose gallantry in the service, whose blood shed for their country, whose high character and distinguished citizenship make them peers of any man, yet they held no commission during the war. They were too young, were wounded too early in the service, were too modest, had too little influence, or the ranks of their regiments were too depleted to enable them to reach a commission. We have felt that upon every test of gallantry, of manhood, of character, of intelligence, these men could be welcomed as worthy companions of the Loyal Legion.

The organization of the Loyal Legion was peculiar. It was not the work of officers of the army. The founders of it did not seek or have the judgment of the officers in general. A small group of elegant gentlemen, with the most patriotic and zealous motives, gathered themselves together in the city of Philadelphia and founded the Loyal Legion, modeling it upon the Society of the Cincinnati. One State after another adopted the organization, ready made, as Philadelphia had prepared it. Whether it would have been differently planned or framed, had a general representation of the officers of the army been gathered at its foundation, it is difficult to say. Probably it would not have been essentially different then, even upon such larger concensus of opinion. If it was to be founded to-day, the limits of membership, in my judgment, would be an open question. Times are changing. The America of 1893 is not the America of 1783, when the Society of the Cincinnati was formed, or even the America of 1865. The city of Philadelphia, with its conservatism, its social exclusiveness and pride of ancestry, does not

epitomize the American nation. Two considerations would operate now upon the organization of such an order as ours more than they did or could in 1865. First, the demonstrated character and ability to reach and fill high social positions of many of the men who fought in the ranks of the Union Army. Second, the growing tendency of the times to make less of the distinction of rank and more of the man as he is.

A revision of the constitution upon the matter of eligibility of members is a remote probability. Should it ever have consideration, the first question would be, where will you draw the line? It does not seem to me so very difficult of answer. I would limit admission from the ranks to those who volunteered and enlisted without bounty of any kind, local, State or national. Under the unwritten laws of admission, which apply to all, I do not think the order would be in danger of adulteration.

Leaving, however, what is as yet an unmooted question, I return to the action of the Commandery which prompted these thoughts—the joint tenancy of our new quarters with a post of the Grand Army.

Carlisle once said, in effect :

The insight of genius is co-operation with the real tendencies  
of the world.

A step which is in recognition of and which seeks fellowship with the larger brotherhood of a common service shows, I think, that the Michigan Commandery has some of this insight of genius and is in co-operation with the real tendencies of the world. We can say to the *Detroit Post* :

“Comrades known in marches many,  
Comrades tried in dangers many,  
Comrades bound by memories many,  
Brothers evermore are we.  
Wounds or sickness may divide us,  
Marching orders may divide us,  
But, whatever fate betide us,  
Brothers of the heart are we.

“Comrades known by faith the clearest,  
Tried when death was near and nearest;  
Bound we are by ties the dearest,

Brothers evermore to be.

And, if spared and growing older,  
Shoulder still in line with shoulder,  
And with hearts no thrill the colder,

Brothers ever we shall be.

“By communion of the banner,  
Battle-scarred but victor banner,  
By the baptism of the banner,

Brothers of one church are we.

Creed nor faction can divide us,  
Race nor language can divide us,  
Still, whatever fate betide us,

Brothers of the heart are we.”

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